

SEPTEMBER

No. 15

NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢



QUICKSILVER

Starring
UNCLE SAM
America's Greatest
Hero!



KID PATROL



SALLY O'NEIL



WONDER BOY
MERLIN
Pen Miller
Kid Dixon
AND MANY OTHERS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

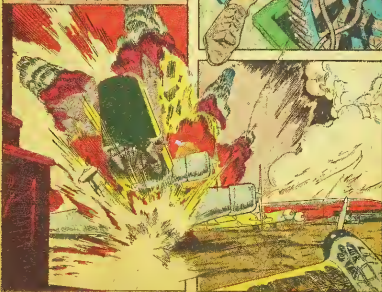
UNCLE SAM

By
William E. Eisner



A GENIUS OF DESTRUCTION
SETS OUT TO CRIPPLE
AMERICA... BUT HE FAILS
TO RECKON WITH
THAT GREAT PATRIOT,
UNCLE SAM!

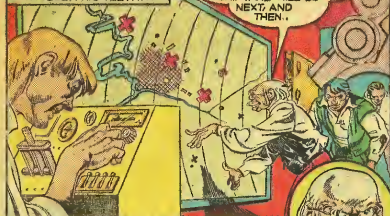
A GREAT ARMY AIRFIELD IS
SUDDENLY ROCKED AS A HUGE
SHELL EXPLODES AMONG THE
ROWS OF PLANES



AS THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY
IT REVEALS THE TERRIBLE
RESULT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLAST



SOME DISTANCE AWAY A LEERING OPERATOR FINGERS ODD DIALS... AN AGED EVIL-FACED INVENTOR MUTTERS THROUGH HIS TEETH...

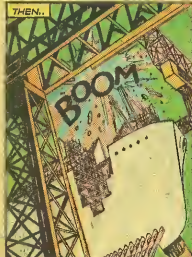


THE GREAT AMERICAN UNCLE SAM, AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND, BUDDY STAND ATOP A HIGH HILL, OVERLOOKING A BIG SHIPYARD

THOSE SHIPS ARE STRENGTH, BUDDY... ISN'T IT A GRAND SIGHT TO SEE THEM TAKE FORM?



THEN...



IT'S NEARLY RUINED THIS YARD. WHAT MONSTROUS THING COULD IT BE... LET'S HOP TO IT, BUDDY. I SMELL TROUBLE!



AND PROUD NEW SHIPS THAT PERCHED NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE, ARE NOW SINKING, SMOULDERING HULKS...



MINUTES LATER, POLICEMEN ARE HOLDING BACK AN EXCITED CROWD OUTSIDE THE BUILDINGS

AS NIGHT FALLS, A PEACEFUL SKY IS SUDDENLY LIGHTED BY A FLAMING OBJECT SPOUTING ORANGE FLAMES



AND CAMP SEELEY BECOMES A TARGET FOR SCREAMING BOMBS WHICH KILL COUNTLESS RECRUITS.



A FAST PURSUIT PLANE CARRIES UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY



THAT TRAIN BELOW US... SOMETHING ABOUT IT LOOKS FUNNY!

WHAT D'YA MEAN, UNCLE SAM?

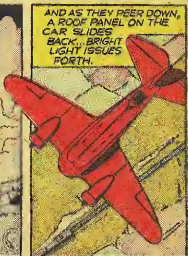


AH! JUST WHAT I THOUGHT, LAD... THAT LAST CAR IS NO ORDINARY CABOOSE!

HUH??



AND AS THEY PEER DOWN, A ROOF PANEL ON THE CAR SLIDES BACK... BRIGHT LIGHT ISSUES FORTH.



A GREAT GUN EMERGES AND QUICKLY FIRES A WHINING PROJECTILE.

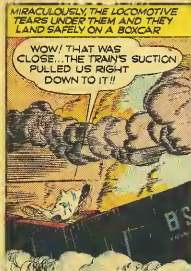


AH! THE GUN THAT STARTED THE EXPLOSIONS! I THOUGHT NO SHIP COULD'VE DONE IT! HOLD ON, BUDDY!



WITH THE BOY ASTRIDE HIM, UNCLE SAM CHUTES DOWN IN THE TRAIN'S PATH.



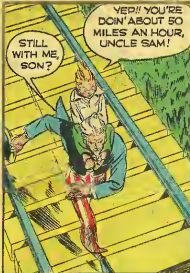


WITH BUDDY AGAIN HIS "JOCKEY,"
UNCLE SAM TAKES A FLYING
LEAP TO THE RAILS



YEP!! YOU'RE
DOIN' ABOUT 50
MILES AN HOUR,
UNCLE SAM!

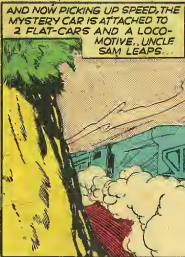
STILL
WITH ME,
SON?



SEE 'EM?? THEY'VE HOOKED
THEIR CAR TO ANOTHER
TRAIN!



AND NOW PICKING UP SPEED, THE
MYSTERY CAR IS ATTACHED TO
2 FLAT-CARS AND A LOCO-
MOTIVE.. UNCLE
SAM LEAPS...



WHEW!!
WE MADE
IT,
UNCLE
SAM!!



THEY CLIMB TO THE TOP
OF THE GUN CAR...



WITH TENSED WONDER THEY AGAIN
BEHOLD THE PANEL SLIDING BACK..
THE GUN MUZZLE PROTRUDES



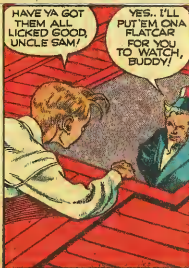
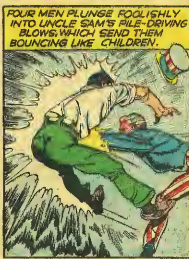
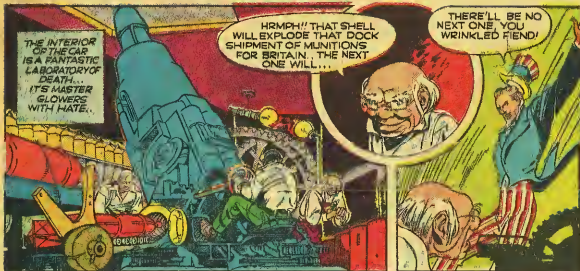
THEY'RE
SHOOTING
AGAIN!!

UP IN A FLASH, THE GUN BLASTS.
SO FAST THAT THE AMAZED PAIR
STAND POP-EYED....



STAY HERE, BUDDY!
I'M DROPPING
DOWN ON THESE
FIREBUGS!







AW!! THERE SHE IS...
UNCOUPLED!



MEANWHILE.. IN THE LOCOMOTIVE'S
CAB.. A SABOTEUR COVERS
THE ENGINEER WITH A GUN...

JUST KEEP THIS TRAIN
GOIN' FAST, PAL..
OR ELSE...



THEN.. UNCLE SAM DIVES IN WITH
A CRUSHER ON THE THUG'S JAW...

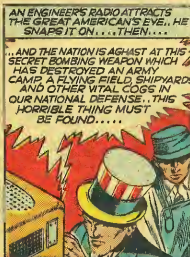
YOU'RE
THROUGH GIVING
ORDERS!

ULD...
HEY...
WHO'RE...??



EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT NOW,
ENGINEER... JUST PULL
IN AT THE NEXT
SIDING!!

SURE..
THANKS!



AN ENGINEER'S RADIO ATTRACTS
THE GREAT AMERICAN'S EYE.. HE
SNAPS IT ON... THEN....

...AND THE NATION IS AGHAST AT THIS
SECRET BOMBING WEAPON WHICH
HAS DESTROYED AN ARMY
CAMP A FLYING FIELD, SHIPYARDS
AND OTHER VITAL COGS IN
OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE.. THIS
HORRIBLE THING MUST
BE FOUND.....

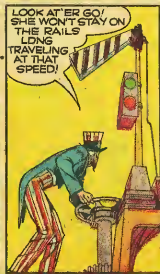


THANK
GOODNESS
THE THING
IS FOUND..
AND IT'S
WORK
IS DONE!

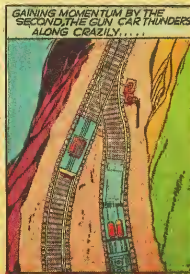
A SIDING'S
JUST AHEAD,
MISTER!



THE TRAIN GLIDES IN
AFTER UNCLE
SAM THROWS
THE SWITCH.. HE
THEN THROWS IT
BACK, LETTING
THE DEATH CAR
RATTLE DOWN
THE MAIN
TRACK



LOOK AT 'ER GO!
SHE WON'T STAY ON
THE RAILS
LONG
TRAVELING
AT THAT
SPEED!



GAINING MOMENTUM BY THE
SECOND, THE GUN CAR THUNDERS
ALONG CRAZILY.....

A SHARP CURVE NOW SPELLS CERTAIN DISASTER FOR THE CAR'S HEADLONG MAD DASH



WITH A GRINDING OF WHEELS AND RAILS IT LEAVES THE TRACK...



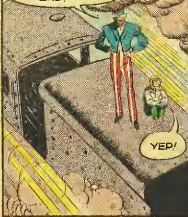
AND PLUMMETS LIKE A ROCK FROM THE CLIFF TO A RIVER FAR BELOW...



EVEN THE WATER DOESN'T MUTE A MIGHTY EXPLOSION WHICH SIGNALS ITS DESTRUCTION...



WELL, BUDDY... THAT MAN-MADE MONSTER CAME TO A FITTING END!



YEP!

UNCLE SAM TURNS TO SEE THE EVIL INVENTOR ABOUT TO LEAP FROM THE TRAIN...



DON'T YOU LIKE OUR COMPANY, FUZZY?

WITH A MAD CRY THE MAN LEAPS INTO THE AIR FOR THE LONG FALL....



I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THAT OLD FOOL, BUDDY... KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE OTHERS!



OH... I HOPE THAT WATER AIN'T TOO SHALLOW!



THE INVENTOR SWIMS MADLY
DOWNSTREAM...

T-THEY'LL NEVER
STOP ME..I'LL..I'LL
BUILD ANOTHER
MACHINE!

YOU'LL DO
YOUR BUILDING
IN A PRISON
CELL!

AS THE TRAIN STOPS AT A
NEARBY CITY...THE POLICE
TAKE THE SABOTEURS IN TOWN

..AND I'M
WORRIED ABOUT
UNCLE SAM..
IT WAS A
HIGH DROP!

AH NOW..
HE ALWAYS
COMES OUT
ALL RIGHT!

ONLY UNCLE SAM COULD'VE
RUINED THIS BUNCH...AND
HE'LL PROBABLY RUIN MANY
MORE!

JUST THEN A TINY HANDCAR
CREEPS TOWARD THE STATION..
UNCLE SAM SINGS GAILY AS HE
PROPELS IT...

I'VE BEEN WORKING
ON THE RAILROAD..
ALL THE LIVELONG
♪ DAY-Y-Y.. ♪

HEY!! LOOK!!
IT'S HIM!! AN'
HE'S GOT THAT
OLD BOSS OF
TH' GUN CAR
WITH HIM!

G-GEE
MISTER...I..I
HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT!

A HAPPY THROG GATHERS 'ROUND
TO HEAR OF UNCLE SAM'S FEAT
OF ENDING THE NATIONAL MENACE

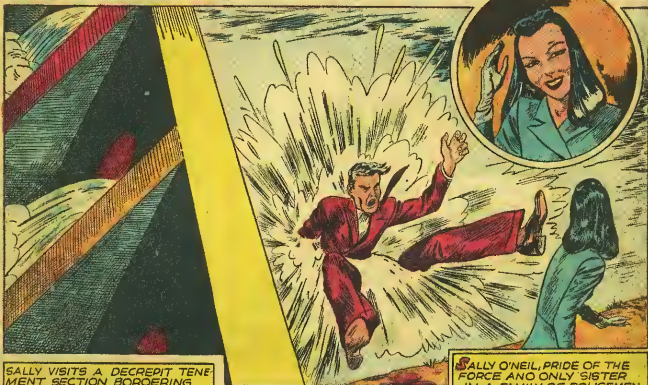
YES..THAT'S ONE THREAT WE
NO LONGER MUST WORRY
ABOUT!

AND BEFORE ANY
OTHER UNAMERICAN
DEVILTRY CAN SUC-
CEED, IT WILL HAVE
TO DEFEAT ME
FIRST!

'RAY
FOR
UNCLE
SAM!

UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WILL
AGAIN THRILL YOU AS ALWAYS..IN
NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS

Sally O'NEIL

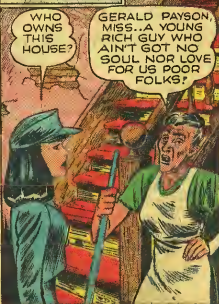


SALLY VISITS A DECREPIT TENEMENT SECTION BORDERING THE CITY WATERFRONT.



"HORRIBLE CONDITIONS HERE. THE OWNER OUGHT TO CLEAN UP THE PLACE!"

DISGUSTED AND ANGRY, SALLY MEETS A CHARWOMAN IN THE HALL.



WHO OWNS THIS HOUSE?

GERALD PAYSON, MISS...A YOUNG RICH GUY WHO AIN'T GOT NO SOUL NOR LOVE FOR US POOR FOLKS!

SALLY O'NEIL, PRIDE OF THE FORCE AND ONLY SISTER IN A FAMILY OF POLICEMEN, DOESN'T WAIT FOR TROUBLE TO FIND HER. SHE GOES OUT AND LOOKS FOR IT.



HMM. GERALD PAYSON... PROBABLY A SUAVE GLAMOUR BOY WHO'S AS FILTHY WITH MONEY AS THIS HOUSE IS WITH DIRT!

DETERMINED TO SEE GERALD PAYSON, SALLY GOES TO HIS LUXURIOUS TOWNHOUSE..



I'D LIKE TO SEE MISTER PAYSON..IT'S IMPORTANT!

THE BUTLER DIRECTS SALLY TO THE PAYSONS' SECRETARY.



NO, MISS, YOUNG MISTER PAYSON IS NOT AT HOME..PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HIS AUNT AND UNCLE?

YES.

THE COUPLE IS NOT TOO PLEASED TO SEE SALLY WHO MUST SHOW HER POLICE BADGE BEFORE THEY WILL LISTEN...

I'M HERE TO FIND OUT WHY YOUR NEPHEW HASN'T CLEANED UP THE SLUMS HE OWNS!

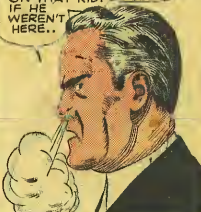


BUT SALLY INTENDS TO SEE ONLY GERALD... SHE LEAVES AND...



THAT GIRL IS TOO SMART, LEON! GERALD DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HE INHERITED THOSE HOUSES!

AND HE'S SUCH A SUCKER FOR CHARITY THAT HE'D FIX 'EM UP IF HE DID KNOW!! BECKY, IF WE LOSE THOSE HOUSES OUR INCOME IS GONE... I HATE LIVIN' ON THAT KID! IF HE WEREN'T HERE..



THE NEXT MORNING..



H-M-M.. LETTER FROM THE PAYSONS.. THE MATTER IS CLOSED.. TO BE FRANK, WE DO NOT THINK IT IS ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS!

NOW I'M SURE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT! I'M GOING TO GERALD PAYSON'S COUNTRY ESTATE!



SHE SPEEDS OVER WINDING ROADS INTO THE RICH VALLEY COUNTRY WHERE THE PAYSON PLACE IS LOCATED.



GERALD PAYSON, THIN, VERY DELICATE LOOKING, BROUSES IN HIS LIBRARY.



SUDDENLY...

MISTER PAYSON?
DO YOU MIND IF
I DUST IN HERE?



I'M THE NEW MAID..
JUST GOT THE
JOB TODAY!

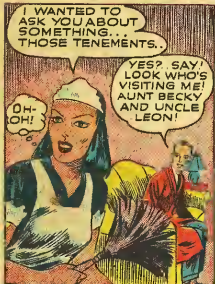
YES? WELL,
GO RIGHT
AHEAD!



I WANTED TO
ASK YOU ABOUT
SOMETHING...
THOSE TENEMENTS..

YES? SAY!
LOOK WHO'S
VISITING ME!
AUNT BECKY
AND UNCLE
LEON!

DH-
OH!



SALLY DUCKS FOR COVER
AS THE TWO ROGUES ENTER.

WHAT ARE
THEY DOING
HERE?



I GOT THEM PLENTY -
WORRIED ABOUT SOME-
THING ... AND GERALD'S
NOT ILL AT ALL... JUST A
BIT SPINDLY... OH! HE'S
CALLING FOR TEA NOW!



SALLY PREPARES THE
TEA AND...

HERE! I'LL
TAKE IT IN..



YOU!!
LEON! GRAB
HER!!



WITH A HEALTHY BLOW,
LEON SENDS SALLY
SPINNING... INTO THE CLOSET.

SHE CAN
STAY IN HERE
TILL WE
FIGURE OUT
OUR NEXT
MOVE!



THROUGH THE DOOR SALLY HEARS THE PAYSONS PLANNING

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF GERALD? AND THE GIRL TOO?

POISON?

NO.. POISON CAN BE TRACED.. WE MUST MAKE THEIR DEATHS LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

THE PLOTTERS HURRY FROM THE ROOM.. SALLY POUNDS ON HER PRISON DOOR...

SOON THE POUNDING BRINGS AN ANSWER.....

THE BUTLER! THANK HEAVEN!.. LISTEN, THERE'S A PLOT TO MURDER GERALD AND ME TOO!

IS THAT SO, MISS?? AND DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW IT?.. I'M THE GUY WHO GETS PAID FOR THAT JOB!

MENACINGLY, THE BUTLER REACHES CLAW-LIKE HANDS FOR SALLY'S THROAT.....

IT'D BE SIMPLER IF I GOT RID OF YOU NOW!

BUT SHE DUCKS, SENDING THE BUTLER HEADFIRST INTO THE OPEN CLOSET.

SEIZING A HANDY GOLF CLUB, SHE PUMMELS THE VILLAIN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

THEN, FINDING A SUIT OF GERALD'S IN THE CLOSET, SALLY SLIPS IT OVER HER MAID'S OUTFIT..

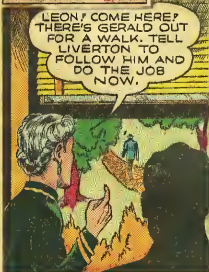
SALLY, FOR THE REST OF THE SHOW THIS IS YOUR COSTUME!

I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU, WITH THE POLICE!

QUIETLY, SHE SLIPS OUT OF THE HOUSE.



BUT SHARP EYES WATCH FROM A WINDOW.



WELL, WHERE IS THAT BUTLER? OR DID HE BACK OUT? WE'LL HAVE TO KILL GERALD OURSELVES!



MEANWHILE, SALLY REACHES A HIGH DAM BORDERING THE PAYSON ESTATE.



AS SHE STARES OVER THE EDGE, TWO FIGURES STEP MENACINGLY CLOSE.



BUT GERALD IS OUT WALKING NEARBY. HE SEES THE INCIDENT.



IN A FLASH, SALLY WHIRLS ABOUT, PRODDING LEON WITH HER SERVICE REVOLVER.



LEON STEPS BACK. SALLY TRIPS OVER A LOOSE ROOT.



SHE GRABS BECKY'S WRISTS AS SHE FALLS, AND LEON, TAKING A SWING AT HER, HITS THIN AIR. HE LOSES HIS BALANCE.



DIZZILY, LEON TOTTERS ON THE BRINK JUST AS GERALD RUNS UP.



SWIFTLY, GERALD SEPARATES THE FIGHTERS.



BUT SUDDENLY SALLY RIPS OFF HER HAT.



ANGRILY, GERALD STRIDES ALONG THE DAM WALL.



SECURELY BINDING THE VIL-LAINS IN THE BACK SEAT, GERALD AND SALLY DRIVE BACK TO TOWN.



LATER...

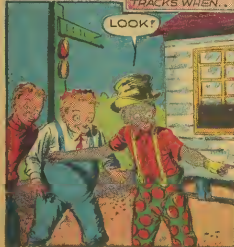


SOON A NEW SETTLEMENT RISES WHERE THE PAYSON SLUMS STOOD.





TEDDY, PORKY AND SUNSHINE ARE WALKING ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACKS WHEN...

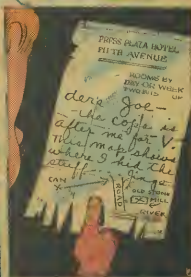
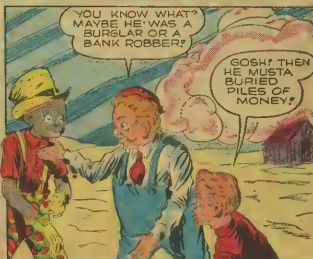


A RAGGED TRAMP IS DIGGING A SHALLOW PIT IN THE SAND.



GOSH! HE'S BURYIN' SOMETHIN'!







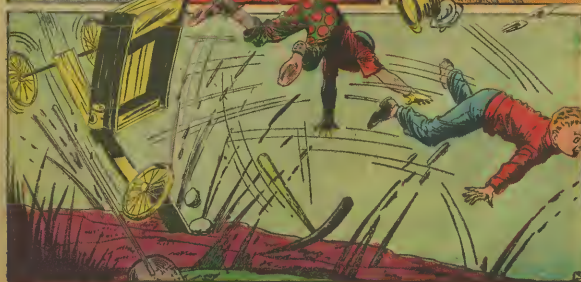
THE BOYS TRUDGE BACK TO TEDDY'S HOUSE AND LOAD HIS RACER WAGON WITH DIGGING TOOLS. . .



WITH TEDDY AT THE WHEEL, SUNSHINE BACK SEAT DRIVER, AND PORKY PUSHING, THEY ROLL OFF. . .



SOON THEY REACH A HILL OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.



JUST THEN, PORKY CATCHES UP WITH THEM.



IS AH DAID OR IS AH DREAMIN'?



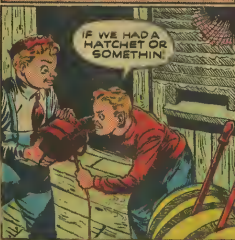
PICKING UP THEIR SCATTERED TOOLS, THEY CONTINUE. . .



BUT CURIOSITY IS TOO STRONG. THEY ALL GO IN.



THE BOX IS OLD AND RUSTY AND SHUT TIGHT. . . TEDDY BREAKS HIS KNIFE TRYING TO PRY IT OPEN. . .

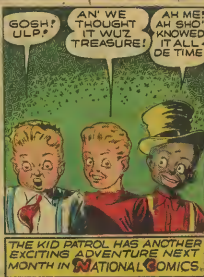
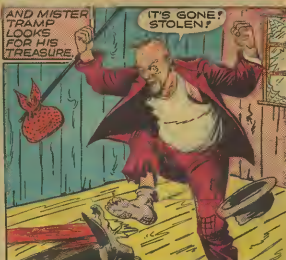
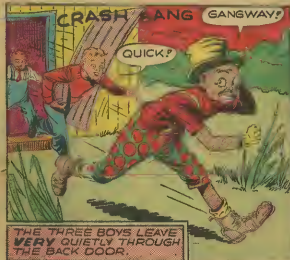
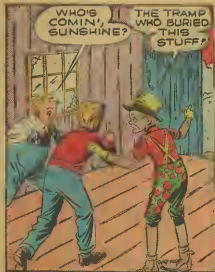


THEY EXAMINE THE DUSTY MILL FOR SOME SHARP TOOL. . .



SUDDENLY SUNSHINE PEELS OUT THROUGH A WALL CRACK AND. . .





PROP POWERS

By Lynn Ford



THE DANGERS OF NEUTRALITY PATROL INCREASE AS ENEMY RAIDERS PROWL THE SEA LANES. BUT PROP POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY CO-PILOT, LANK, MAKE DANGER THEIR BUSINESS.

LANK

PROP

PROP AND LANK CRUISE IN A COAST GUARD PATROL SHIP. SUDDENLY...

S.O.S. S.O.S. CAMBRIA CALLING... ATTACKED BY RAIDER 400 MILES WEST OF GOLDEN GATE

SETTING HIS COURSE BY RADIO COMPASS, PROP BANKS AROUND SHARPLY AND GUNS THE SHIP.

TWO HOURS OF SPEEDY FLIGHT BRING THEM TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.

THE CAMBRIA MUST BE AFIRE AND SINKING!



"PROP BRINGS DOWN THE PATROL SHIP AMID THE WRECKAGE."

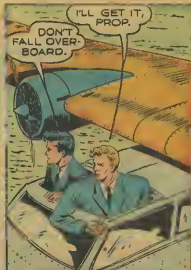
MIGHTY STRANGE, EH, PROP? NO SURVIVORS AND NO SIGN OF THE RAIDER?

YES...IF THEY HAD TIME TO RADIO, THEY SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IN LIFE BOATS!



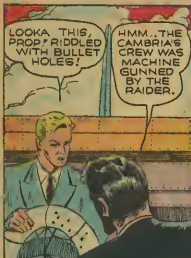
THERE'S A LIFE PRESERVER, TAXI OVER AND I'LL GET IT!

THAT'S A GRIM SOUVENIR, BUT O.K.



DON'T FALL OVER-BOARD.

I'LL GET IT, PROP.



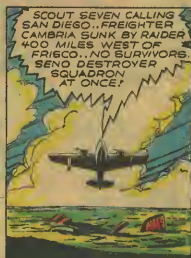
LOOKA THIS, PROP? RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES!

HMM...THE CAMBRIA'S CREW WAS MACHINE GUNNED BY THE RAIDER.



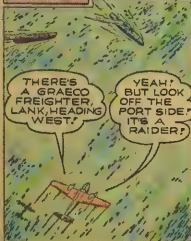
THE CAMBRIA WAS EN ROUTE TO FRISCO FROM CHINA WITH A CARGO OF MANGANESE...VITAL ORE FOR STEEL PLATE. THAT RAIDER MUST BE CAUGHT!

I'LL CALL OUR BASE!



SCOUT SEVEN CALLING SAN DIEGO...FREIGHTER CAMBRIA SUNK BY RAIDER 400 MILES WEST OF FRISCO...NO SURVIVORS. SEND DESTROYER SQUADRON AT ONCE!

AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET, PROP FLIES IN A WIDE CIRCLE...SUDDENLY...



THERE'S A GRAECO FREIGHTER, LANK, HEADING WEST!

YEAH! BUT LOOK OFF THE PORT SIDE! IT'S A RAIDER!

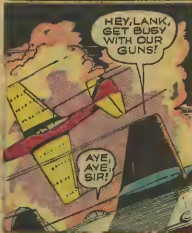
A SALVO FROM THE RAIDER'S TURRET HITS THE MERCHANT SHIP.



IN THE BLIND SPOT BEHIND THEM, A FOREIGN PURSUIT SHIP SWOOPS DOWN.



PROP FLIPS THE PLANE INTO A SHARP BANK AS BULLETS TEAR INTO THE WINGS.



THE ENEMY PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE FOR A QUAOZY GAME OF TAG.



BUT THE FOREIGN PILOT CROSSES THE HILLBILLY GUNNER'S SIGHTS.



LANK'S SHOTS BRING A STREAMER OF BLACK SMOKE FROM THE ENEMY.



THE ENEMY PILOT STICKS GRIMLY TO HIS CONTROLS AND ZOOMS THE FLAMING SHIP.



LOOPING, HE PLUMMETS DOWN TO PROP'S SHIP.



THE COAST GUARD FLIERS CHEAT DEATH BY INCHES AS THE BURNING PLANE ROARS DOWN.



TRAPPED BY SPREADING FIRE, THE FOREIGN PILOT CANNOT BAIL OUT.



CUTTING HIS ENGINES, PROP SHOUTS TO LANK.

THAT PLANE FOLLOWED THE RAIDER FROM ITS BASE. NOW WE'VE GOT TO DISTRACT THE SHIP UNTIL OUR DESTROYERS GET HERE!

BUT, PROP, THAT RAIDER MUST HAVE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS?



SURE, BUT WE'LL DIVE ON THEM TOO FAST FOR ACCURATE FIRING. LET'S GO!



ABOARD THE RAIDER, A GUNNER TRAINS HIS MULTIPLE GUNS AGAINST THE DIVE AT TACK.



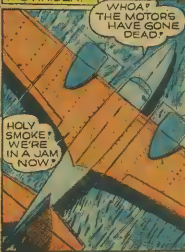
THOSE TRACERS ARE RIPPING OUR WINGS. I'M GOING TO LEVEL OFF.



PROP COMES OUT OF THE DIVE DIRECTLY OVER THE RAIDER.



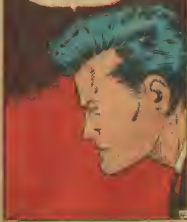
HE LANDS FIFTY YARDS BEYOND THE RAIDER.



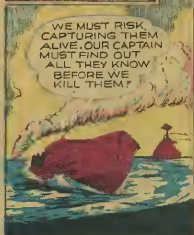
WHOA? THE MOTORS HAVE GONE DEAD?

HOLY SMOKE! WE'RE IN A JAM NOW!

BOY, YOU SAID IT, LANK! A POWER BOAT FROM THE RAIDER IS HEADING THIS WAY!



THE POWER BOAT FROM THE RAIDER STREAKS TOWARD THE CRIPPLED PLANE.



WE MUST RISK, CAPTURING THEM ALIVE. OUR CAPTAIN MUST FIND OUT ALL THEY KNOW BEFORE WE KILL THEM!

BUT LANK FIRES A STEADY STREAM OF TRACERS FROM HIS GUN TURRET.



WE GOTTA KEEP EM OFF. PROP TILL OUR BOATS GET HERE!



CEASE FIRING, LANK. THEY'RE WAVING A WHITE FLAG!

SUDDENLY, UNCLE SAM'S OCEAN GREYHOUNDS CONVERGE ON THE MYSTERY RAIDER.



THE CAPTAIN BARKS AN ORDER.

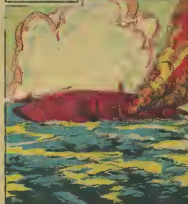
THE SHIP IS VIOLATING OUR NEUTRALITY ZONE! OPEN FIRE!



A THUNDERING BROADSIDE THROWS HEAVY SHELLS AT THE RAIDER.



VITAL HITS ARE SCORED AT THE WATERLINE. THE RAIDER KEELS OVER. THE POWER BOAT IS CAUGHT BY THE SUCTION.

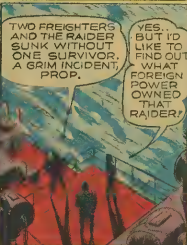


HIYA, CAPN! THROW US A LINE AND HAUL US ALONGSIDE.



AWOY THERE, PROP. YOU AND LANK SHOULD GET A MEDAL FOR HOLDING THAT SEA WOLF AT BAY!

WHEN PROP AND LANK JOIN THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE.



TWO FREIGHTERS AND THE RAIDER SUNK WITHOUT ONE SURVIVOR. A GRIM INCIDENT, PROP.

YES... BUT I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT FOREIGN POWER OWNED THAT RAIDER!

THAT'S A JOB FOR OUR NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, PROP.



HUH? OH, YES... BUT I WAS THINKING WE'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR OTHER MYSTERY SHIPS!

PROP AND LANK MEET NEW DARING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

NATIONAL COMICS

by Ralph
Johnson

WINDY BREEZE



"WHEN SUDDENLY, THE TREE BEGAN TO WEEP IN A REGULAR DOWNPOUR...."

"IT CRIED SO DARNED HARD, IT FLOODED THE WHOLE VALLEY!"

"PEOPLE DROWNED-HOMES WASHED AWAY-IT WAS WORSE THAN THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD!"





PAJAMAH, THE GREAT HINDU BOXER, ARRIVES IN AMERICA ON A SHIP FROM THE ORIENT



PROMINENT IN THE CROWD EAGER TO SEE THE BOMBAY BONECRUSHER ARE OIXON AND HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS . . .



PAJAMAH DISEMBARKS

HEH..KINDA CROWDED.. MFFL..



QUID OF ZE WAY OF ME, RUNT!



HEY! WHOSE BARN WERE YOU BROUGHT UP IN? HOW'O YOU LIKE A PUSH IN THE SNOOT?



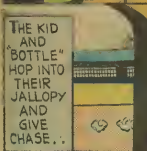
VAT? WHO YOU ARE?

KID DIXON, THE HEAV--



NEVAIR HEARD FOR YOU!





THE TWO IRATE MEN STORM INTO SUITE 2510..
THEY BICKER HOTLY WITH PAJAMAH'S MANAGER.



GULP! LOOK..

HOLY GEE!



THE GREAT HINDU
HIMSELF ENTERS..

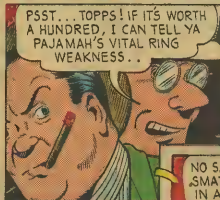
WHO DEESTURB MY
SHOWER
BAT?



AFF! AGAIN YOU? POOF AT YOUR
CHALLENGES! HA HA..
I FIGHT ONLY THE
MEN!



PSST... TOPPS! IF IT'S WORTH
A HUNDRED, I CAN TELL YA
PAJAMAH'S VITAL RING
WEAKNESS..



NO SALE! THE KID CAN
SMATTER THAT BIG APE
IN A COUPL'A ROUNDS!



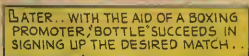
NOW YOU GO, YES? HAR HAR...
YOU COME BECK SEE ME WAN YOU
DEVALOP TWENTY, TEN POUND!



YOU BIG TUB O' LARD..
THE DAY'LL COME WHEN I'LL
BUTTER THE CANVAS WITH
YOUR BRAINS !!

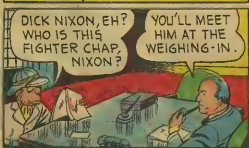


LATER.. WITH THE AID OF A BOXING
PROMOTER, BOTTLE SUCCEEDS IN
SIGNING UP THE DESIRED MATCH..



DICK NIXON, EH?
WHO IS THIS
FIGHTER CHAP,
NIXON?

YOU'LL MEET
HIM AT THE
WEIGHING-IN..

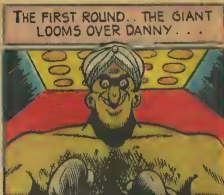
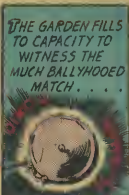


THE WEIGHING-IN..

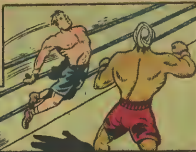
NIXON? THEES
ARE DICK
NIXON? FOOFY!
POUF!! ARRF!!!



EGAD!
WE'VE
JOLLY
WELL
BEEN
BILKED!



THE YANK BOUNCES TOWARD A WELCOMING LUNCH-HOOK



GONG

DANNY IS IN BAD SHAPE AT THE END OF THE ROUND...



MY STEMS ARE KINDA WOBBLY...



THE KID TAKES AN AWFUL PASTING IN THE SECOND STANZA... THE HINDU'S GLOVES ARE SOGGY WITH BLOOD...



HOT DAWG! THERE'S THAT NEWSHAWK WHO WANTED A HUNDRED FOR INFO ON THE HINDU'S WEAKNESS!



THE END OF THE SECOND FINDS
THE KID FAR FROM REFRESHED

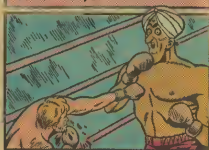


WHERE THE
HECK IS
BOTTLE?

GUESS HE GOT DISGUSTED
AN' LEFT.. DON'T BLAME
'IM.



AND INTO THE THIRD CHUKKER
HE GOES, BLEEDING LIKE A
STUCK PIG, BUT DEAD GAME..



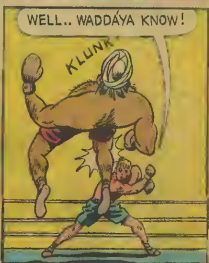
SPLAT!



HUH! GOLLY.. THIS IS
GETTIN' EASY...



WELL.. WADDÁYA KNOW!



HERE'S
YER
CENTURY
NOTE.

YOU PIRATE... NOW
SPILL IT!

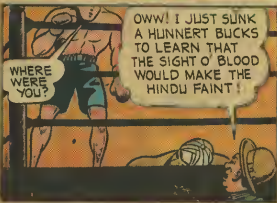


THE
WINNAH!



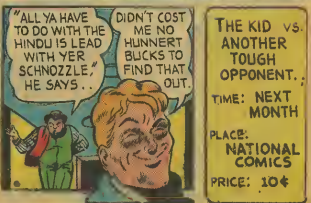
WHERE
WERE
YOU?

OWW! I JUST SUNK
A HUNNERT BUCKS
TO LEARN THAT
THE SIGHT O' BLOOD
WOULD MAKE THE
HINDU FAINT!



"ALL YA HAVE
TO DO WITH THE
HINDU IS LEAD
WITH YER
SCHNOZZLE,"
HE SAYS..

DIDN'T COST
ME NO
HUNNERT
BUCKS TO
FIND THAT
OUT.

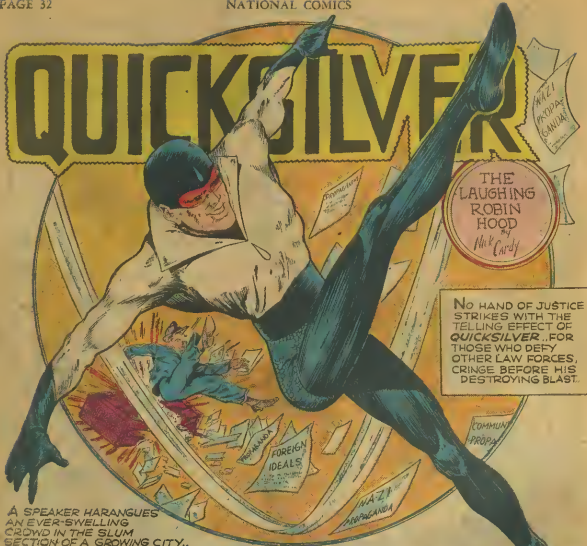


THE KID vs.
ANOTHER
TOUGH
OPPONENT..

TIME: NEXT
MONTH

PLACE:
NATIONAL
COMICS

PRICE: 10¢



A SPEAKER HARANGUES AN EVER-SWELLING CROWD IN THE SLUM SECTION OF A GROWING CITY..

LOOK AT YOU! AMERICANS! WE TRIED THAT LIVING LIKE PIGS IN THESE BROKEN DOWN RAT'S NESTS! WHERE'S YOUR SPUNK? PUT THE MEN OUT OF OFFICE THAT KEEP YOU HERE!



VOTES! BAH! STORM CITY HALL, TAKE OVER EVERYTHING THERE IS, AND START A NEW GOVERNMENT! THE PLACE I RENTED HERE IS FULL OF AMMUNITION. A WHOLE ARSENAL AT YOUR DISPOSAL..



WE DON'T DO THINGS THAT WAY HERE!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE YELLOW!



ANGRY FACES CON-
FRONT THE SPEAKER



WHY YOU LOW-DOWN DOG!
I'M POOR. BUT I'LL DEFEND
MY FAMILY, MY HOME AND
MY COUNTRY, UNTIL I
DROP! WHERE'S THE
KEY TO YOUR ARSENAL?!



HEH-HEH-
HEH... I
KNEW THEY'D
FALL FOR
IT!

NOW TO ATTEND TO
ANOTHER ANGLE
OF THIS...ER...
BUSINESS!



A SHORT TIME LATER.

WE INTERRUPT THIS
PROGRAM TO BRING
YOU A SPECIAL NEWS
BULLETIN. SMITHTOWN
HAS BEEN TAKEN
OVER AT THE POINT
OF GUNS BY THE MEN
OF THE SLUM SECTION



NOT A SHOT HAS
BEEN FIRED AND THE
CITY IS NOW IN THE
HANDS OF A BAND
OF HARD COLD-
BLOODED MEN
ARMED WITH A
COMPLETE ARSENAL!



UNDER
ORDERS OF
THE GOVERN-
OR, MARTIAL
LAW HAS

BEEN DECLARED IN
THE SECTION. THE
STATE MILITIA
MOVES IN..



AT THE SAME TIME,
ANOTHER LAW FORCE
MOVES TOWARD SMITH-
TOWN.. THE LONE

QUICKSILVER



AH. SMITHTOWN!
AND THE MILITIA IS
MILES BEHIND
ME!



BUT, AS QUICK-
SILVER ENTERS
THE TOWN..

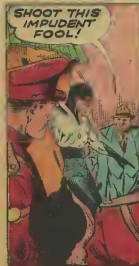
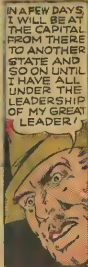
HMM...WHAT'S
GOING ON
DOWN HERE?



WE'RE YELLOW, EH?
WELL, WE'RE GIVING
THE WHOLE TOWN TO
YOU NOW.. AND WE'RE
GOING HOME!

NO
YOU'RE NOT
UNTIL
I SAY SO!







AS THE MEN FROM THE TOWN JOIN IN, THE ARMED TRAITORS AND THEIR LEADER SCATTER ACROSS THE FIELDS TO THEIR ONMARCHING COMRADES



THAT WON'T TAKE CARE OF THOSE WEASELS! BECAUSE THEY'LL BE BACK... WITH OTHER FORCES... IN THE MEANTIME WE'LL HAVE TO PREPARE TO MEET THEM!



BUT QUICKSILVER HURLS A BARREL TOWARD THE MISSILE



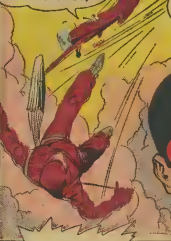
STREAKING UPWARD WITH AMAZING ACCURACY, THE BARREL MEETS THE BOMB IN MID-AIR!



THE PILOT IS JERKE
BACK...
THIS IS WHERE
YOU GET OUT!



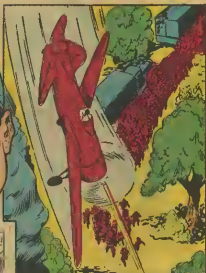
FIND YOURSELF
A SOFT SPOT!



NOW FOR
A LITTLE
FUN!



QUICKSILVER ZOOMS DOWN
BEHIND THE 'REVOLUTIONISTS'
RANKS AS THEY APPROACH
SMITHTOWN..

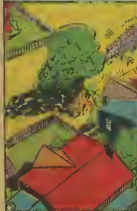


RUN! HE'S
MACHINE GUNNIN'
US!

THAT'S RIGHT!
RUN FOR
THE TOWN!
JUST WHAT
I WANT YOU
TO DO!



WITH A HAIL OF LEAD
AND BOMBS BEHIND
THEM, THE MEN RUSH
INTO THE TOWN..



BARRICADES ON
ALL SIDES OF THIS
STREET!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!



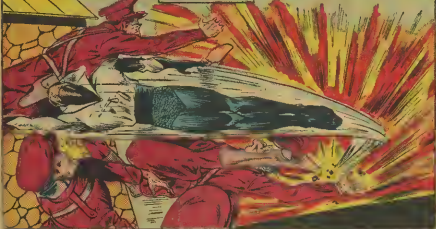
TURN BACK!
HURRY!



HA! HA! TURNING
BACK, EH? THAT'S
WHAT THEY
THINK!



BEFORE THE MEN CAN RUSH BACK FROM THE TRAP, QUICKSILVER CRASHES THE PLANE FULL OF BOMBS IN FRONT OF THEM, BLOCKING THEIR EXIT!



A LOYAL CITIZEN SHOUTS: TAKE THEM ALL ALIVE, MEN!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER SMITHTOWN IS A RAGING BEDLAM AS THE TWO GROUPS CLASH...



IT'S A GOOD THING THESE RATS HAVE UNIFORMS ON... THEY MAKE SWELL TARGETS FOR SOCKING!



HEY, WHAT'S THAT COMING OVER THE HILL...? THE MILITIA!



I'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN THINGS BEFORE THEY GET HERE! THESE PEOPLE MEANT NO HARM IN THEIR MISTAKE!



AS THE MILITIA ENTERS SMITHTOWN...



THE CAPTAIN OF THE MILITIA RUSHES FORWARD...



WHO WAS THE LEADER OF THIS BUSINESS?

WHY, ER... GUESS I WAS, SIR... AND NOW I'LL TAKE MY MED!



HOLD ON, YOU WERE GREAT! THAT STRATEGY IN TRAPPING THEM WAS PERFECT... FIRST TAKING THE TOWN, THEN CALLING FOR THE MILITIA AND SETTING THE TRAP, JUST AS WE GOT HERE! MAN, YOU SHOULD BE IN THE ARMY!



HA! HA! HA!

WATCH FOR ANOTHER QUICKSILVER THRILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

JACK and JILL

by Lowell Riggs

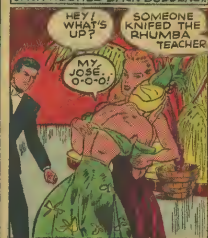




**JILL BREAKS THEM APART
BUT.. IT IS TOO LATE..**



JACK RUSHES BACK SUDDENLY.



**MY WIFE AND I ARE PRIVATE
DETECTIVES. WE'D LIKE TO
HELP YOU FIND THE KILLER.
DID ANY OF THESE PEOPLE
HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST
JOSÉ?**



**AZTAL.. A HINDU
WHO WORKED FOR
JOSÉ IN SOUTH AMERICA
TRY MANY TIMES TO
KILL HIM SO HE COULD
STEAL JOSÉ'S FAMILY
HEIRLOOMS!**



**LATER.. JACK, JILL AND RITA
LEARN THE CORONER'S VERDICT.**



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, JACK AND JILL MEET RITA IN THE NIGHT CLUB.



ON RITA'S TIP JACK AND JILL HURRY TO AZTAL'S HOME.



THE INSCRUTABLE HINDU ANSWERS THEIR KNOCK.



JILL QUICKLY TAKES FINGER-PRINTS WHILE JACK DISTRACTS AZTAL.



BUT AZTAL'S SHARP EYE SOON CATCHES THE TRICK IN A MIRROR.



JACK TWISTS FREE BUT A HEAVY STATUE CRACKS DOWN ON HIM.



OH, JACK! YOU'RE HURT?



JILL WHIPS OUT A GUN FROM HER PURSE.



THE LITHE HINDU DODGES.



HE LUNGES FIERCELY AT JILL.



AZTAL DRAGS JILL TO HIS STUDY.



BUT JACK IS COMING TO...



HE REACHES AZTAL'S STUDY, BEFORE THE HINDU CAN TURN, JACK DELIVERS A STUNNING BLOW...



A BOTTLE OF NITRIC ACID FLIES FROM AZTAL'S GRASP.



BURSTING AGAINST THE WALL, THE JAR'S CONTENTS SPILL OVER THE HINDU'S FACE...



JACK AND JILL TAKE THE SCREAMING KILLER TO THE POLICE.



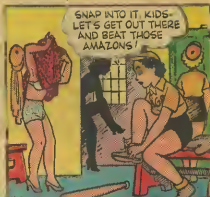
LATER...



Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

DARN IT - WE'VE JUST GOT TO WIN TODAY!

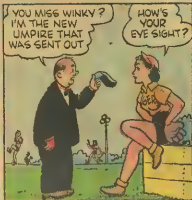


SNAP INTO IT, KIDS- LET'S GET OUT THERE AND BEAT THOSE AMAZONS!



THE GAMES IN THIS FINAL SERIES ARE TIED UP, 2 AND 2 - SO WHOEVER WINS TODAY GETS THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP - AND IT MUST BE US!

OH-- WE'LL TAKE 'EM!



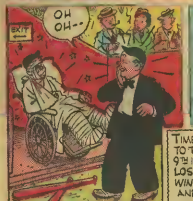
YOU MISS WINKY? I'M THE NEW UMPIRE THAT WAS SENT OUT

HOW'S YOUR EYE SIGHT?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SAY - WHERE'S THE UMPIRE WHO WORKED HERE YESTERDAY?

THERE HE IS -



OH OH--



STRIKE ONE!

?

TIME NOW CHANGES TO THE LAST OF THE 9TH INNING - TIGERS LOSING, SCORE 6 TO 5, WINKY UP - 2 OUTS AND BASES FULL!



WHAT?

STRIKE TWO!



WELL - WHAT IS IT?

ER-- WAIT JUST A MINUTE!



I'LL PHONE FROM THIS NEXT STATION



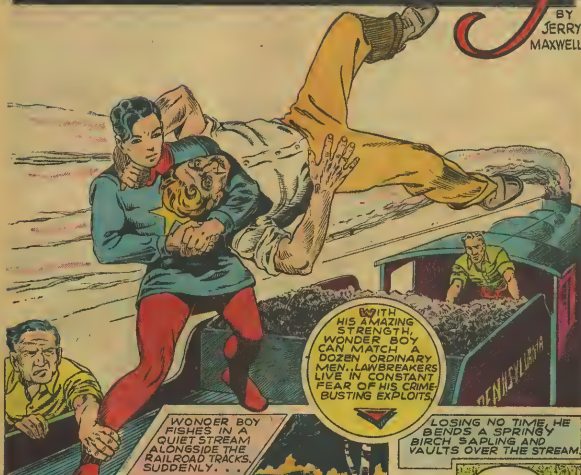
YES - THIS IS MISS WINKY!



WELL, THAT WAS STRIKE THREE - AND VER OUT!

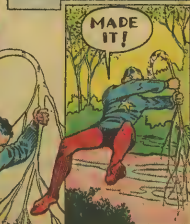
Wonder Boy

BY
JERRY
MAXWELL



WONDER BOY
FISHES IN A
QUIET STREAM
ALONGSIDE THE
RAILROAD TRACKS.
SUDDENLY...

LOSING NO TIME, HE
BENDS A SPRINGY
BIRCH SAPLING AND
VAULTS OVER THE STREAM.



LANDING LIGHTLY, WONDER BOY RACES TO THE TRAIN.



OH BOY!
ACTION!

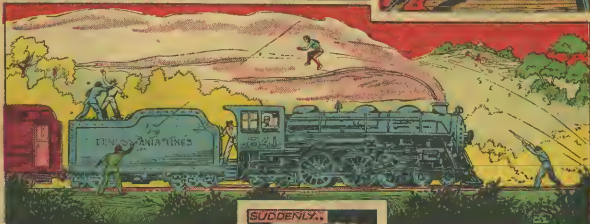
WHO'S
THAT?!

A SNOOPER,
EH?

WE'LL
FIX
HIM!

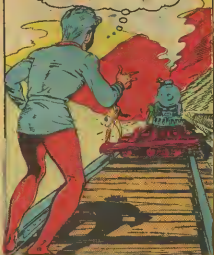


NIMBLY, WONDER BOY LEAPS PAST BULLETS, OVER THE ENGINE'S SMOKE-STACK, TOWARD THE TENDER WHERE THE ENGINEER IS RESISTING ATTACK.



THE BANOITS OPEN FIRE.

SO THEY BLOCKED
THE TRACKS TO STOP
THE TRAIN!.. WELL,
NOW FOR A LITTLE
BULLET DODGING!



HE COMES DOWN WITH A
DYNAMITE RIGHT FOR A
THIEF.



OOF!

SUDDENLY..

UH.. OH.. HERE'S
A GUY WITH A
SHOVEL!



BUT HE DUCKS THE
MURDEROUS SWIPE.



TOO LATE!
AND YOU'D
BETTER NOT
TRY AGAIN!

SWISH



JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER WONDER BOY'S VICTIM LANOS ON HIM



WHILE THEY COLLECT THEMSELVES I'LL GO TO THE MAIL CAR!



WONDER BOY CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE ROOF BUT...



BEFORE THE GUARD SENSES DANGER, WONDER BOY IS IN THE MAIL TRAIN...



THE MAIL FLIES AT TOP SPEED RIGHT INTO THE UNSUSPECTING MAN...



SUDDENLY ONE CROOK HURLS A TEAR-GAS BOMB AT WONDER BOY.



WONDER BOY STAGGERS,
BLINDED BY THE GAS.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS HELPLESS-
NESS, THE THUGS CLAMBER INTO
THE MAIL CAR, SCOOP UP THE
SACKS AND FLEE.



C'MON TO THE
ENGINE..WE
GOTTA GET
OVER THE
STATE LINE!

HURRY
UP?



THE TRAIN LURCHES
SHARPLY..WONDER
BOY LOSES HIS
BALANCE AND
TOPPLES TO THE
GROUND.



MY EYES..
THEY STING..
OH? THE
TRAINS
MOVING?

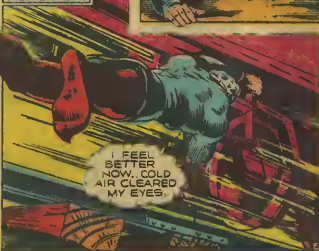


DIZZILY, HE REACHES FOR A PROJECTING
IRON BAR.

GOTTA
HANG
ON..



THE TRAIN GATHERS
MOMENTUM.



I FEEL
BETTER
NOW. COLD
AIR CLEARED
MY EYES.

CLIMBING TO THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN, WONDER BOY SPRINTS OVER OTHERS TO THE LEAD CAR.

MEANWHILE ONE CROOK UNCOUPLES THE ENGINE FROM THE MAIL CAR DIRECTLY BEHIND.

WITH A FLYING LEAP WONDER BOY BREACHES THE GAP..AND GRABS THE TENDER BEHIND THE ENGINE.

THE CROOKS ARE UP FRONT!



JUST THEN, THE POLICE ARRIVE.

GLORY BE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT KID HOLD BACK THE ENGINE!!

AND THANKS TO WONDER BOY HERE YOU MAIL ROBBERS ARE TAKING A LONG CRUISE UP TH RIVER!

WE'VE GOT THE REWARD FOR YOU, WONDER BOY!

THANKS! I WON'T NEED IT, BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO CHARITY!

ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE OF WONDER BOY THRILLS YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



THE EAGLE SPEAKS

By BOB ANTHONY



BILL JONES put a quarter on the counter and Jim Brown picked it up as he slid a package of groceries across to Bill. He picked up the coin and tossed it down on a metal plate under the counter. It rang true.

"What's the matter, Jim, don't you trust me?" asked Bill laughingly.

"Sure I do. Just can't take any chances. Been some counterfeit coins being passed in the county lately. Have to watch out for them. This one's OK, all right. Straight out of the United States Mint!"

"Best kind of money there is. Best country too, don't you think, Bill?"

"Only one I'd like to live in. Good old U.S.A. Times like this make you mighty glad you're livin' here. Trouble with this world is that there are too many foreigners in it. Eh, Bill?"

Bill didn't answer for he had just heard a very peculiar sound. It was a squawk! A squawk like an eagle makes. Bill stared at the quarter that Jim had left on the counter and he twisted his head to one side in a puzzled sort of way.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked Jim.

"Th—th—the quarter — it—it — it squawked!" Bill stammered.

Bill looked at Jim as if he had gone plumb loco and picked up the coin. But he dropped it again at once, and let out a wild yell.

"It moved! The eagle on the

quarter flapped his wings! I felt them."

The two men stared at the quarter as if they were hypnotized. Then it seemed to grow before their eyes and the eagle turned his head!

"I just heard what you said about foreigners and it made my tail feathers stand on end to hear an American citizen talk like that." The eagle was talking! It went right on as the men listened in wide-eyed silence.

"Now I've been around this country. Seen a lot more of it than you have. I'm qualified to speak about Americans and for-



cigners. I'd like you to explain what you meant by that remark about foreigners, Mr. Brown."

Jim could hardly find his tongue. When he did, his deep voice came out in a thin treble. "Well, you see — I meant. I meant," he repeated, bringing his voice down to its normal bass, "foreigners are just the guys who didn't come from stock that fought to get this country and to make it free, and still think

they own it and know how to run it. The trouble-makers, like gangsters and fifth columnists who still think they're in Europe."

The eagle nodded. "That's what I thought you meant and you're all wet. I've been around, I know. There's good and bad in every nationality, remember that. If you're a good American it isn't because your great-grandfather fought in the Revolution or any other war. Here are a few examples I'd like you to hear about foreigners. Take it from me, I was there; I'm an eye-witness to a lot that goes on in this country.

"You mentioned gangsters. Well, I've been on intimate terms with several. Big-time crooks and petty thieves. For instance—once I was residing very comfortably in a lady's hand bag. I was really happy there. Had a lot of company. She was very rich. Me and a couple of other two-bits were kidding a wad of greenbacks. We told them they had to depend on a high wind to give them their freedom while we could just slip out and roll away if we had the chance. Anyway, the bag I was in was snatched from the woman while she was in a store. I was scooped out by a dirty paw—I was sorry to leave that bag, too. It was sweet smelling. She used expensive perfume.

"Anyway, the thief that stole me carried me around for a day or two, passed me on to a con man who in turn left me with his boss when he brought back change for a bill. His boss was a big-timer, named Tony Morelli—a foreigner to you, Mr. Brown.

And I reached his pocket the night he was pulling his biggest job. I went along with him to the Grand National Bank. I could even feel the gun in its holster bump against me as Tony stalked into the bank. I heard him giving the teller the works—it must have been after hours. The whole gang went along I know, I could hear Tony giving orders. It was a clean job. They had every guard under control in a few minutes. But I could tell that Tony was nervous. He reached into his pocket a couple of times and his hands were clammy with sweat.

"We were on our way out when one of the guards that had been knocked out came to and fired at Tony. I felt the gun leave the holster and heard a shot fired. Then I heard the guard groan. Tony had killed him. He was a ruthless murderer. Tony Morelli was bad, through and through.

"But here's the point I'm making. When Tony ran out of that bank, he found one lone policeman charging toward him. He had heard that shot. Tony fired, once, twice, three times. I know the policeman was hit. Tony cursed him for still coming on at him while he was wounded. The cop fired. The bullet tore right through the pocket I was in. Boy, was it hot! Tony fell and another bullet went into his body. It must have hit his heart because when the policeman bent over him, I heard him say, 'He's dead.'

"Then I heard another voice. It was the Captain of Police. He was saying, 'You'll get a promotion for this. That was the bravest act I've seen in a long time, Vechelli.'

"Did you hear that, Mr. Brown? He called the cop Vechelli—he was a 'foreigner' too. But he was a brave cop, a good guy, through and through."

The eagle paused a minute to let that much sink in. Jim Brown began to wear a sheepish look.

Carl Schmitt. I was handed to him as change when he bought a hook called 'Mein Kaemph.' Carl kept me a long time because he was saving a small fund in a jar on his mantelpiece. It was there, in that room, that I first learned that there were people in this country working for a foreign country to overthrow our democratic way of life. Some of the speeches I heard made me plenty sore and the lady Liberty on the back of this coin almost shouted for help.

"There was one man who came to the meetings at Schmitt's house who shouted louder than the rest and who planned the most violent actions. His name was Heinrich Hinter. One day I was shaken out of the vase and handed to Heinrich along with a big roll of bills. Carl said, 'This is half your pay to sabotage the Alden Works. The other half comes after.'

"I felt hot with shame for being party to such a deal but I was soon to have a pleasant surprise. Hinter's hand reached in and fished me out and rolled me across a broad desk.

"Here's the money they gave me to do the job, Chief. I've gotten all the other information you want."

"That night I rested peacefully in a drawer of the FBI office—Remember, the man who brought me there was named Heinrich Hinter—a son of the same land that Carl Schmitt hailed from. But he had become a true American.

"I think you understand what I mean now, Mr. Brown. I've also been at race tracks and gambling joints in the pockets of men whose names were Kelly and O'Flarety and McDonald. And I've been jangled into charity coffers by other people whose names were Kelly and O'Flarety and McDonald.

"So you see, Mr. Brown, it's not where you come from or who your ancestors were. It's what you are yourself that counts. But I shouldn't have to tell you that, Mr. Brown—you're an American Citizen. Now put me into your cash register and I'll keep quiet."

Bill Jones and Jim Brown didn't say a word. Jim put the quarter away very carefully, handling it as if it were a million dollars. Then both men looked at each other and grinned sheepishly.

"You know, Bill, I take that back, what I said about foreigners," said Jim Brown.



Then there was the case of

PEN MILLER

By Klaus

THE FAMOUS
ARTIST OF THE
COMICS, PEN
MILLER, LEAVES
HIS STUDIO AGAIN
FOR A SWIFT ASSAULT

AGAINST
THE UNDERWORLD.
BUT CROOKS ARE
SLOW TO LEARN
THAT THE PEN IS
MIGHTIER THAN
THE TOMMY GUN..

WHEW..
AIN'T IT
HOT?

WHAT YOU
DRAW, MIST'
MILLER?

THAT BUM ON
THE BENCH
NIKI.. GOOD
CHARACTER
STUDY.

IS BAD CHALACTER.. SEE,
HONOLABLE COP STOP TO
CHALLENGE SAME..

WOW! DID YOU
SEE THAT?



ON YOUR TOES, NIKI.. HUSTLE
AN AMBULANCE OVER HERE!

ALLRIGHT.. ONE
AMBLANCE!



HMM.. RIGHT ABOVE THE
HEART, BUT MAYBE HE'LL
RECOVER. THAT BUM MUST
HAVE HAD A GUILTY CON-
SCIENCE.



NIKI RETURNS WITH A COP...

HEY.. AIN'T YOU PEN MILLER,
THE COMIC ARTIST.. ER..
AND DETECTIVE?



THAT'S ME, BUD.. ER..
OFFICER. AND HERE'S
A SKETCH OF THE GENT
WHO PLUGGED YOUR
BROTHER BLUECOAT..



THAT'S GREAT, MILLER..
HOP IN.. I'LL TAKE
YOU TO HEAD-
QUARTERS..



YOU CAN GIVE ALL THE
DOPE TO THE INSPECTOR

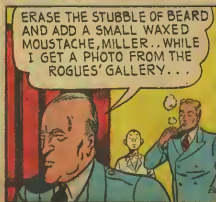


THE CARTOONIST RECREATES THE
INCIDENT FOR INSPECTOR KETCHUM.

THERE'S A REASONABLE FAC-
SIMILE OF THE WOULD-BE
ASSASSIN.



ERASE THE STUBBLE OF BEARD
AND ADD A SMALL WAXED
MOUSTACHE, MILLER.. WHILE
I GET A PHOTO FROM THE
ROGUES' GALLERY...



PEN'S NIMBLE FINGERS
FLUTTER PROFICIENTLY
OVER THE SKETCH...



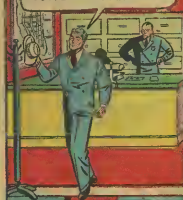
THE INSPECTOR RETURNS AND PLACES HIS PHOTO
BESIDE PEN'S REPAIRED SKETCH



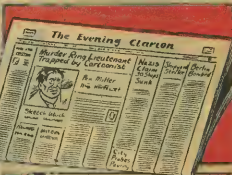
YEP.. IT'S THE SAME ONE .. THAT'S
CROAKER CORVAN, THE ACE
TRIGGER MAN OF MURDER LTD.



HE MUST'VE BEEN WAIT-
ING IN THE PARK TO PUT
A STROLLER IN THE
OBITUARY COLUMN...



AND INSTEAD HE GETS
A PICTURE OF HIM-
SELF ON
THE FRONT
PAGE..



DAT GUY MILLER IS
NOW OUR NUMBER
ONE CANDIDATE
FER A
COFFIN!



MEANWHILE...

LISTEN, BLACKIE, I'LL
RUB OUT DAT CRACKPOT
CARTOONIST MYSELF..
FOR FREE! IT'LL BE A
GOOD TUNE-UP FER ME.



DAT WAS A HUN'DRED PERCENT
JOB O' BUNGLIN' YOU DID,
DOPE! KILLER, HAH! YER
A CREAM PUFF!



AW, BLACKIE!

A'RIGHT, A'RIGHT.. MAKE
IT GOOD! GIT THE BOYS
TOGETHER AN' BOIN
'IM DOWN!

THE NIGHT COVERS THE FUTILE OBJECTIONS
OF A DOORMAN...

STICK 'IM IN THE
TRUNK!



AN ELEVATOR
LIFTS A
SINISTER
GROUP UP
TO THE
CARTOONIST'S
APARTMENT.



PEN'S ATTENTION IS RIVETED ON HIS BOARD, AS HE PUSHES OUT ANOTHER COMIC PAGE



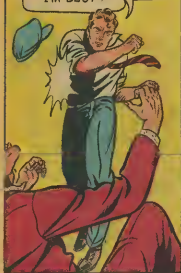
WHEW.. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO MEET MY DEADLINE, NIKI.



OAT'S RIGHT, YA AIN'T GOT TREE SECONDS!



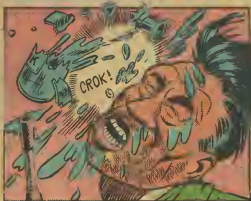
I'M NOT RECEIVING NOW, GENTS.. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?



EXCUSE PLEASE!



YOU'LL NEVER BE BUSY NO MORE, WISE GUY!



WHAT'S GOIN'-- OOPS!



HEY! THE NEIGHBORS ARE COMPLAININ' ABOUT THE RACKET HERE !!



TELL 'EM TO RELAX.. WE JUST BROKE UP THE RACKET, OFFICER.. THE MURDER LTD. RACKET!



PEN MILLER GETS CAUGHT IN ANOTHER CRIME WEB IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS . . .

Paul BUNYAN

By Storey Weaver



DOWN FROM THE ROCKIES STRIDES THE COLOSSUS OF THE NORTHWOODS, TO FORGE A NEW CHAPTER WORTHY OF HIS FAMED TRADITION.

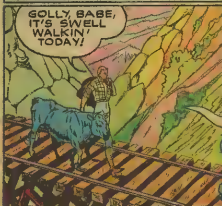
PAUL AND HIS BLUE OX, BABE, ARE PLODDING ALONG A RAILROAD TRESTLE OVER A DEEP CHASM.

GOLLY, BABE, IT'S SWELL WALKIN' TODAY!

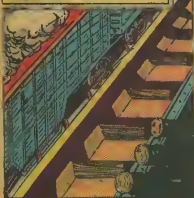
SUDDENLY PAUL'S EYES SPOT A TRAIN OF GON-DOLA CARS TEARING FOR THE BRIDGE.

JUMP BASE!

IN A SECOND THEY BOTH ARE HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.



JUST AS THEY LEAP, THE RUNAWAY FREIGHTS CARRYING TONS OF GRAVEL STREAK OVER THE TRESTLE.



PAUL AND BABE PLUNGE INTO THE RIVER BELOW.



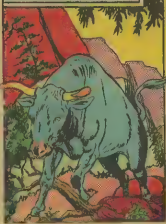
JOLTED BUT UNHURT, PAUL COMES TO THE SURFACE.



THE TRAIN, AT A CRAZY SPEED, CRASHES HEAD-ON WITH A CARLOAD OF MEN COMING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION.



MEANWHILE BABE BREAKS A TRAIL UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE, WITH PAUL NOT FAR BEHIND.



AT THE TOP PAUL MEETS THE SURVIVORS.



GRAB YOURSELVES A HAND-CAR AND GO TO WORK ANYHOW!



I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! COME ON, BABE!



SOON THEY REACH THE COPPER MINE.



SUDDENLY A MAN LEAPS FROM A SIDE-TRACKED CABOOSE.

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?!



I CAME TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THAT TRAIN WRECK ON THE TRESTLE!



THAT'S NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS!



HIS SHOT MISSING PAUL, THE MAN LEAPS INTO THE CABOOSE.



BUT PAUL HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE... HE LIFTS A SIDE OF THE CAR.



AND SENDS IT CRASHING...



JUST THEN A GANG OF MINERS RUSH PAUL WITH PICKS AND CLUBS.



WHILE MISSILES AND FISTS SAIL THROUGH THE AIR, PAUL RETURNS THE ATTACK.



WITH A SOLID RIGHT, PAUL LAYS THE LEADER LOW.



ANOTHER THUG COMES UP BEHIND HIM, WIELDING A HEAVY SHOVEL.



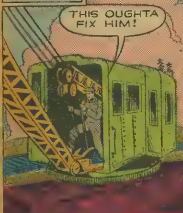
BROTHER, THIS IS GONNA BE YOUR FINISH!

BUT PAUL WHIRLS ABOUT.



RIGHT? IT'S MY FINISH BLOW!

MEANWHILE THE CRANE OPERATOR TURNS THE TREMENDOUS ARM SO THAT THE DERRICK BUCKET SWINGS STRAIGHT FOR PAUL.



THIS OUGHTA FIX HIM!

AGAIN PAUL SEES TROUBLE BEFORE IT STRIKES.



GO TO IT, BABE!

BABE CHARGES THE BUCKET.



FINE? YOU KEPT IT FROM HITTING ME!

PAUL GRABS THE CABLE.



NOW.. JUST ONE GOOD YANK.

AN' THE WORKS TOPPLE OVER! NOW I'LL GET INFORMATION FROM TH' FIRST GUY I SEE!



YEEOW!

O-DON'T K-KILL ME.. I'LL TALK! I ONLY WORK HERE.. BUT I KNOW THAT THE GUY WHO RAN THE CRANE WUZ A SABOTAGE AGENT.. WE WUZ SUPPOSED TO CUT COPPER PRODUCTION SO'S RHEINLAND WOULD WIN TH' WAR! N-NOW DON'T HURT ME!



I WON'T. NOT IF YOU ALL STAY OUT OF TROUBLE FROM NOW ON!

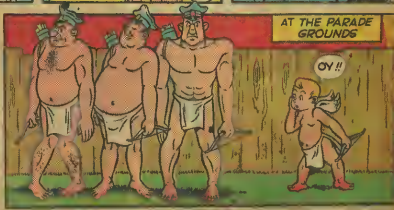
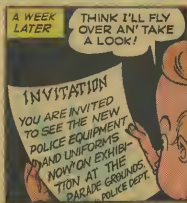
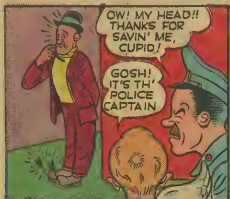


NEXT MONTH THE NORTHWOOD'S GIANT MEETS ANOTHER SUPER ADVENTURE IN THE EXCITING NATIONAL COMICS

EYELONE CUPID

HE AIN'T
STUPID!

by GILL
FOX-



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



81
LANCE
BLACKWOOD

CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH, A HUGE JAPANESE TANK RUMBLES FORWARD, TERRORIZING THE HUMBLE BUT STUBBORN CHINESE PEASANTS.

FOLLOWING IN THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN APPEARS, TO PIT HIS POWERS AGAINST THESE FORCES OF EVIL.



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO END THIS SLAUGHTER—THESE PEOPLE ARE MY FRIENDS.



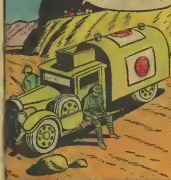
AT A HASTY LOCAL MEETING THE MAGICIAN SPEAKS.

DON'T TRY TO FIGHT THE TANK ITSELF... CAPTURE THE GASOLINE SUPPLY TRUCK AND THEN THE TANK WILL HAVE TO QUIT!



UNDER MERLIN'S LEADERSHIP THE CHINESE ADVANCE ON THE SUPPLY TRUCK.

WE ARE CLOSE ENOUGH - CHARGE!



IN A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT THE INVADER TRUCK GUARDS ARE KILLED!



EMPTY THE GASOLINE ON THE GROUND AND WE'LL GIVE THE RETURNING TANK A HOT RECEPTION!



THE GROUND IS SOON A POND OF GASOLINE!

NOW WE'LL HIDE AND WAIT!



THEY DO NOT WAIT LONG - SOON THE TANK COMES BACK FOR RE-FUELING.

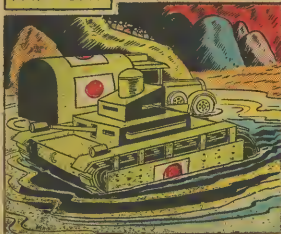
SLAYING THESE CHINESE IS MOST ENJOYABLE!



THEY ARE HEADING RIGHT INTO THE GASOLINE!



SUSPECTING NO DANGER THE TANK MOVES ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK AND FINDS ITSELF IN THE POOL!



AT HIS REQUEST MERLIN IS QUICKLY HANDED A STEEL KNIFE.

JUST WHAT WE NEED!



EFINK, WORG SGNIW EKIL A DRIB!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S
COMMAND THE KNIFE
GROWS WINGS AND
FLIES ALOFT!



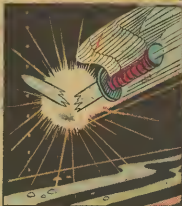
STRAIGHT AT THE TANK THE KNIFE
DIVES!

WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

THE PLACE
IS FLOODED WITH
OUR GASOLINE!



SMASHING INTO THE
TANK THE BLADE GIVES
OFF SPARKS WHICH FALL
INTO THE GASOLINE!



THE GASOLINE IGNITES AND THE TANK
AND ITS SCREAMING CREW ARE CONSUMED
IN THE FIERY FLAMES!



LOOK! ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS A MASS OF
TWISTED
STEEL!

SERVES
THEM
RIGHT!

YOU ARE SAFE
FOR THE MOMENT BUT THE
JAPS WILL BE
BACK!... GET
YOUR FAMILIES
AND HIDE BE-
HIND THE
GREAT WALL!



HOURS LATER AT THE INVADERS'
HEADQUARTERS.

IT IS REPORTED
THAT THE HWANG HO PEASANTS
BURNED ONE OF OUR EMPEROR'S
TANKS AND HAVE FORTIFIED
THEMSELVES IN THE GREAT
WALL OF CHINA!



SEND THE WHOLE
TANK DIVISION
AGAINST THE
DOGS!



SOON THE INVADING TANK CORPS
STARTS ON ITS DESTRUCTIVE TRIP.



FROM THE GREAT WALL THE CHINESE
SEE THE ADVANCING ENEMY!



BUT HONORABLE MAGICIAN,
HOW CAN WE HOPE TO
STOP THEM WITH OUR
FLIMSY WEAPONS?

FEAR NOT!
I HAVE
SOME
TRICKS!



CENTURIES AGO
WHEN THIS WALL
WAS BUILT ONE
MILLION SOLDIERS
WERE BURIED ALIVE
IN IT TO GIVE IT
THE STRENGTH OF
THEIR SPIRITS... I
WILL CALL UPON
THEM TO DEFEND
US!

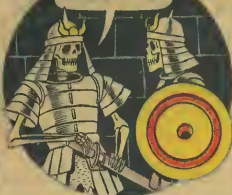


**SREIDLOS, DEIRUB
EREH, EMOC OT EHT
DIA FO RUOY
STNEDNECSED!**



DEEP IN THE MASONRY THE ANCIENT
SOLDIERS BESTIR THEMSELVES!

AT LAST! WE GO
INTO BATTLE!



AS THE TANKS NEAR
THEIR OBJECTIVE THEY
HURL SHELLS AT THE WALL!



A GAPING HOLE IS BLASTED!



**SREIDLOS
FO EHT TSAP
EGRAHC EHT
YMENE!**



AND EVEN AS MERLIN SPEAKS, THE
SOLDIERS OF THE PAST POUR FROM
THE OPENING!



LINED UP IN BATTLE ARRAY THE SOLDIERS OF THE DEAD CHARGE AT THE TANKS!



THROUGH THEIR TELESCOPES THE INVADERS SEE THE GHASTLY FEATURES OF THEIR NEW FOE!

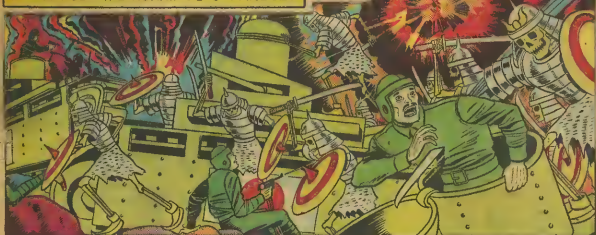


INSIDE EACH TANK CONSTERNATION REIGNS!

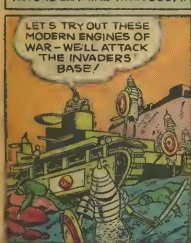


THEY KEEP COMING - OUR SHELLS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THEM!

CLOSING IN, THE NIGHTMARISH CHINESE WARRIORS PUT TO ROUT THE HORRIFIED JAPANESE!

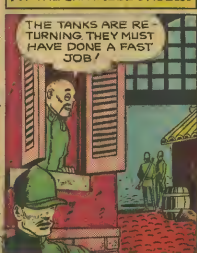


AFTER THE BATTLE THE VICTORS EXAMINE THEIR BOOTY.



LET'S TRY OUT THESE MODERN ENGINES OF WAR - WE'LL ATTACK THE INVADERS' BASE!

AT THE JAPANESE BASE...



THE TANKS ARE RETURNING THEY MUST HAVE DONE A FAST JOB!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY DON'T THEY STOP?



BUT THE JAPANESE GENERAL STAFF NEVER KNOWS WHAT HIT THEM AS THEIR OWN TANKS OPEN FIRE!



HOUSES, TENTS, FORTIFICATIONS AND ALL CRUMBLE BENEATH THE HEAVY TRACTION PLATES.



RAEPPASID
OTNI EHT
GNAWH OH
REVIR!



DIRECTED BY THE DISTANT MAGICIAN THE TANK DIVISION HEADS FOR THE HWANG HO RIVER!



DRIVEN BY THE ANCIENT SOLDIERS THE TANKS DISAPPEAR INTO THE MURKY WATERS!



SECONDS LATER ONLY A FEW TELL-TALE BUBBLES DISTURB THE CALM HWANG HO AS IT COMPLETELY SWALLOWS UP THE GRUESOME ARMY!



YOU ARE A GREAT MAGICIAN, MERLIN, AND WE WILL ALWAYS OWE YOU OUR GRATITUDE!



AND AS THE RIVER SWALLOWED THE TANKS, CHINA WILL SWALLOW HER ENEMIES!



LEAVING THE GREAT WALL BEHIND, MERLIN SETS OUT TO AGAIN GIVE HIS HELP TO MANKIND...



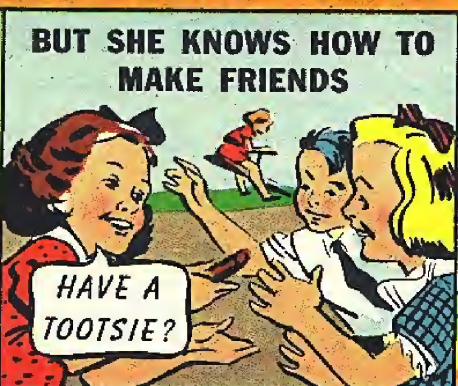
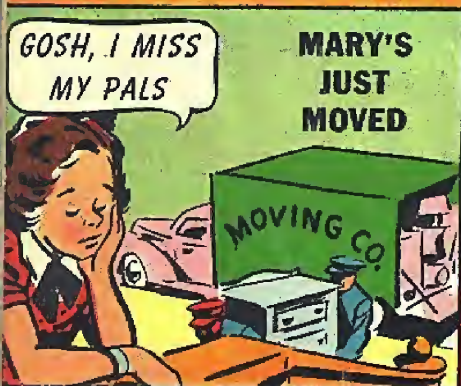
THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

Put yourself in these pictures — Open to Everybody

RESCUES PUP! WINS GOLD MEDAL!



MARY BECOMES PRESIDENT!



EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY —

now enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food energy!



Now softer and creamier. Extra delicious! Have you had your Tootsie today?

1¢ also 5¢

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

chewy chocolate candy!